

WELCOMED

(Continued from Page One.)

few weeks ago had been left in the park. There is an occasional gray hair to be noticed now where none were to be seen a year ago. Mr. Bryan was dressed in a suit of black with a soft white hat, while a light bow tie adorned his shirt front.

When the shout of the crowd ceased long enough to permit a word of conversation, Mr. Bryan was informed of the prepared reception in Walkerville and asked how soon he thought he would be able to make the trip to this city on the hill.

"I am in the hands of the committee," said Mr. Bryan. "I am ready to go as soon as we have a chance to get a little."

"How soon will that be?"

"Well, that depends. If you let me eat like other people and as I like to eat, it won't take very long. But if you bring it on in courses it may take a long time."

The first big demonstration on the way up the hill was at the lumber office of the Anaconda Copper Mining company, which was splendidly decorated with flags and bunting and a magnificent likeness of Bryan. There were cheers and shouts from the assembled people, which Bryan gracefully acknowledged. Just beyond was a big engine of the B. & P. railroad, the grimy railroad men standing on top and all over the engine. They gave a splendid greeting and Mr. Bryan acknowledged the salute.

Next to the St. James hotel there was a building in course of construction and Bryan received a great ovation from the carpenters and other working men.

It was so all along the line. Every inch of the road had its welcome to the great champion of the West. In Park street progress was well nigh impossible. Every building was decorated and the crowd thronged both sides of the street. Mrs. Bryan occasionally glanced nervously back as the crowd pressed to see how her little ones were getting on in the pony carts, but they were all right. A few drops of rain fell as the procession turned into Park street, but no one paid any attention to it. At the corner of Montana and Broadway, Mrs. Bryan waved a graceful goodbye to her husband, and was whisked in her carriage out of the procession to the Clark residence. The children behind the sheeted ponies followed. The rest of the procession moved on through the ever-increasing throng, accompanied all the way by the shouts of the people and the screaming of the whistles, and at length Pat Jack reined up his horses in front of the Butte hotel.

NO ENEMY'S COUNTRY HERE.

Bryan Recalls How He Went to New York a Year Ago.

There was a dense mass of people that packed Broadway from Main street to Wyoming; every window and roof along the way had its crowds, and every available projection and telegraph pole had some one clinging to it, waiting to greet Mr. Bryan upon his arrival at the Butte hotel. It was about 2:30 o'clock when some venturesome men and boys on the roofs of buildings and in the tower of the city hall announced the appearance of the Bryan party as they turned into West Broadway. Then the crowd cheered and began to sway to and fro like one great living body, and as the police passed through the throng for the visitors the mass of humanity fell back to the sides of the street. Men, women and children were crushed against the buildings and for a time it looked as if serious results might follow. Women screamed and children cried, but fortunately no one was hurt. During all the crush and struggle the crowd was cheering. Mr. Bryan's carriage was driven close to the hotel entrance and he was quickly escorted up the porch on the first floor of the hotel and a detail of police was stationed at both entrances to the stairway to prevent any one but members of the reception committee and distinguished guests from entering the hotel.

The crowd called for Mr. Bryan, and in a few moments the form and familiar features of the beloved citizen appeared on the hotel balcony and the cheers became deafening. He raised his hands in an appeal for silence, but it was some time before the crowd became quiet enough to permit him to speak, and when it did so, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen—As I was coming to your city I read in a morning paper an editorial, which reminded its readers that it was just one year ago to-day that the notification of my nomination took place in New York city. I had not thought before of celebrating the anniversary of that event in this place, and I am forcibly reminded of the difference between the two cities. You will remember that I said, in going to New York at that time, that I was going into what was called the enemy's country. It would take a liar of great distinction to say that I am in the enemy's country on this anniversary. [Cheers and applause.] It is always pleasant to be among friends, and it is a pleasure to meet people who are so unanimously on our side. To talk silver to a Butte audience would be much like the experience I had some years ago in a particular Irish section in Illinois. I was billed to deliver a democratic

speech at what was called Buckhorn school house, and when a good brother came about to introduce me to the audience he said 'Hit them hard, for there is not a republican here.' [Laughter and applause.] If I should talk silver to the people of Butte I would doubtless be at liberty to 'hit them hard,' for there is probably not a goldbug in the crowd. [Cheers and applause.] While it is always pleasant to talk to friends it would not do so much good to talk bimetalism to the people of Montana as it would by talking to the people of the East, where we are engaged in calling sinners to repentance. [Applause.] As I said this morning, when I met your committee, I don't recall an instance where courtesy has been so completely shown as in Montana, for your governor, with your only congressional honor, half of your senatorial representation, your postmaster, men on either side of the state, I saw there the representatives of the hosts that fought for bimetalism. I give credit to all who fought under our banner. I honor the democrats who fought for the principles of the Chicago platform; but we democrats who fought for those principles don't deserve so much credit as the populists and republicans who joined with us. It is easier to do what your party does than to do what your party does not do, and I never lose an opportunity to give credit to those who left their parties to fight the great battle of principle. I honor the republicans who were Americans first when the republican party sought to fasten a foreign policy upon this country. [Cheers and applause.]

"I did not come out here to make a speech, for I understand arrangements for that have been made for to-morrow, but to thank you for the reception, which I do not regard as a personal compliment to me, but as evidence that the people of this city are on the right side and that they will stand by it until bimetalism is fully and finally restored."

"We have to-day seen and heard the champion of the people's rights, and that is enough for one day. We have seen and heard the man who a year ago met the combined forces of gold in convention—met and routed them, and cut his way through to the head of the silver column in the United States. [Great cheering.] This is no time to talk about future presidential candidates or wild prognostications, but it is time for all to do honor to the great leader and champion of the people's rights. He has truly said that the fight of the future is down East and not in Montana, and I am proud to say that on a recent visit to the East I found that there are no more enemies, but our friends, and good American citizens. They want to know the right, and knowing it, will do it. They know that something is wrong; they know that they have been the victims of misrepresentation; they know that the prosperity promised has not come; they know that promises made have been broken, and pledges violated, and that confidence has not been restored; they know that laboring men are idle, and they know that hundreds of thousands of men who voted for McKinley are to-day looking for work. Their great hearts of humanity are beating for the right and with hope. Let us hope that under the leadership of the noble representatives of American manhood that these people of the East will be brought into line and that at the next election right will prevail and the people of America will be triumphant."

ADDITIONAL ADDRESSES.

Mantle, Hartman, Quinn and Governor Smith Make a Few Remarks.

At the conclusion of Mr. Bryan's speech at the hotel the crowd called for other speakers, and Senator Lee Mantle responded. He said he feared he could not hold the attention of the big audience after they had had a sight of and heard the distinguished orator who had just spoken. "I will only say," said Mr. Mantle, "that I am prouder of the people of Butte to-day than I have ever been. Nine-tenths of the people of Montana will stand by Mr. Bryan on the proposition to put our country, of which we are all so proud, is big enough, and strong enough, and rich enough, to adopt and maintain its own financial system, without waiting for the aid or consent of any foreign country. Because of his great ability, his integrity, and the position he occupies on this question, the people have had confidence in Mr. Bryan and stood by him. They still have that confidence in him, and will stand by him again when he once more carries their banner and leads in the great fight."

At the conclusion of Mr. Mantle's speech, there were calls for Congressman Hartman, who appeared upon the balcony and the crowd called for him some time. "To say that at this moment every citizen of Montana is proud to welcome the man whose brilliant career and rugged honesty have endeared him to the people would be to 'exceed in feeble words,'" said he.

Mr. Hartman said he had a plain proposition of politics to submit to his audience, and said he agreed with those who believed in uniting all the silver forces for the next great fight. "What a spectacle we would present," said he, "in 1898, if we were to divide our strength by putting up three or four silver tickets. Every soldier who fights under the banner of bimetalism is a comrade of every other soldier who fights under the same flag. Either a man is honest in this fight or he is dishonest; he is in earnest, or he is not. I am in earnest; are you? [Great cheering and cries of 'yes!'] When the battle comes in 1900 go up to the front like patriots and not like partisans. Fight on and every one opposing be he ever cursed in our midst. There are two reasons why the silver forces should unite. Look at the East where there is a union of gold republicans and gold democrats. How could we hope to win if divided and the enemy so united? I have come to that point when party is nothing and principle is all. I have read in a number of newspapers in this state editorials that certify to the lack of information on the part of their authors. They express surprise that I have left the republican party. They must have read the bolt in the St. Louis convention.

Do they think I was in fun then? If they do they do not know the man. When the St. Louis convention adopted that degrading financial plank of their platform, no self-respecting man could remain in the convention."

Mr. Hartman spoke of the birth of the silver republican party in the state and nation, and said it should be understood that the silver republican party is not a wing of the republican party, but a separate, independent and antagonistic political organization. He said it had been said of him that he had burned his bridges behind him, but he declared he has no bridges to burn since the St. Louis convention. "I never will have any to burn," he said, "where one end of it rests on a party such as adopted the contemptible doctrine of the St. Louis convention." He said it was hardly probable that Mr. Hartman was going to do, but what would the 18,000 silver republicans of Montana do. They will come up with their manhood in one hand and their franchise in the other and vote for silver and the man whose picture decorates the city to-day.

"The papers who are publishing news of returning prosperity," said Mr. Hartman, "are the same papers that publish the qualified falsehoods of the intentions of the silver republican party. I believe I have a right to speak for that party, for I had something to do with its organization, and have the friendship and confidence of its leaders, among whom are Teller, Cameron, Dubois, Towne and Mantle. I know the 26 men who bolted the St. Louis convention, and I can say for them that if the nomination of the next presidential candidate for the United States is left to them they would with one acclaim nominate William Jennings Bryan."

The crowd was in a humor for speeches, and when Congressman Hartman had concluded there were calls for J. M. Quinn, Governor Smith, Senator Matts, and many wanted Bryan again. Mr. Quinn was finally brought out. He said:

"We have to-day seen and heard the champion of the people's rights, and that is enough for one day. We have seen and heard the man who a year ago met the combined forces of gold in convention—met and routed them, and cut his way through to the head of the silver column in the United States. [Great cheering.] This is no time to talk about future presidential candidates or wild prognostications, but it is time for all to do honor to the great leader and champion of the people's rights. He has truly said that the fight of the future is down East and not in Montana, and I am proud to say that on a recent visit to the East I found that there are no more enemies, but our friends, and good American citizens. They want to know the right, and knowing it, will do it. They know that something is wrong; they know that they have been the victims of misrepresentation; they know that the prosperity promised has not come; they know that promises made have been broken, and pledges violated, and that confidence has not been restored; they know that laboring men are idle, and they know that hundreds of thousands of men who voted for McKinley are to-day looking for work. Their great hearts of humanity are beating for the right and with hope. Let us hope that under the leadership of the noble representatives of American manhood that these people of the East will be brought into line and that at the next election right will prevail and the people of America will be triumphant."

After many more calls, Governor Smith finally appeared on the balcony, but said only a very few words. He expressed his pleasure over the magnificent reception given the distinguished visitor and "next president" of the United States.

There were more calls for Matts and other speakers, but none responded, and the crowd finally, but very reluctantly, dispersed.

ON TO WALKERVILLE.

Up Hill and Down Hill Trudged the Cheering Multitudes.

Mr. Bryan and those who took lunch with him, Governor Smith, Senator Mantle, Congressman Hartman and Welden Smith, finished luncheon at about 4 o'clock. Mr. Bryan was then escorted to his carriage and the drive for Walkerville began. It had not been announced which way Mr. Bryan would leave the hotel, hoping to avoid the crowd, but their idol had no sooner made his appearance in the doorway than, as though by magic, the crowd was around him almost as thick as when he alighted at the hotel. There was a great rush to get hold of his hand, but the police kept the crowd back and Mr. Bryan and those who were to accompany him were soon in their carriages. The first carriage carried Mr. Bryan, Governor Smith, Senator Mantle and Congressman Hartman. In the second were Hon. J. M. Quinn and Mayor Langness, in the third, W. Pinkham, E. B. Howell, J. V. Long and D. C. Charles. In the fourth, John Caplice and William McDermott. In the fifth the Walkerville committee, of the business men, the members of the ladies' committee.

Leaving the Butte, the procession turned up Main street and, headed by the Alice band, proceeded on to Walkerville, the drive about the city that had been planned for the past week till after the Walkerville meeting. All along the route the street was crowded, as was every door and window, with people anxious to get a look at the silver champion. Between Broadway and Granite, the Bryan carriage was stopped to wait for the other carriages, and in a twinkling the crowd closed in on it and insisted in shaking hands. It was some minutes before the start could be made again and when it was chances were not taken on another halt until Walkerville was reached. Crowds followed the procession all the way from Broadway to the northern suburb, and the throng, being added to all the time, became an immense multitude by the time the journey was finished. At intervals they would break into a cheer that drowned the noises of the streets and that kept Mr. Bryan bowing acknowledgment. It was a curious sight to see that great throng trudge patiently along the rough up-hill journey. There were young men and old men, well dressed and men in miners' garb, and women, too, in great numbers, some carrying babies in their arms and others leading little children.

The face of every one was a study. It was an expression of great anxiety, as if the owner felt that the man riding in the carriage ahead were the emancipator of his race, and to get near enough to see and hear him to shake his hand, if possible, were a goal worth any effort to reach. And so they trudged on, kicking up a dust that settled in great clouds in the occupants of the carriages and almost choked them. Through it all Mr. Bryan's face wore a constant smile of satisfaction and, indeed, it seemed as if that was what he felt when he moved the fervid wish which he shook their hands when opportunity offered. At Centerville another great crowd was met, which joined the procession and marched along with it over the hill. It was, indeed, an inspiring sight, the sturdy miners who compose the Alice band playing almost constantly,

up hill and down, and the great crowd tramping on through the dust to the time of the music.

WALKERVILLE'S WELCOME.

The Little City That Saw 16 to 1 and Went It One Better.

At Walkerville the procession was met by the Walkerville reception committee, composed of J. W. Ellington, George Brown, Lee Gainer, J. Johns, J. K. Clark, R. C. Whitman, F. E. Elliott, S. Dunnagan, J. B. Yates, O. M. Hall, B. Drivornza, Charles Beley, R. L. Clinton, J. Marsland, M. Dwyer, R. L. Shoenberg. A couple of mounted marshals took charge and headed the procession west on Daly street. Walkerville was profusely decorated and the streets were crowded with people. One could hardly believe that so many people lived in the little city, and when the noisy reception had died out, the mines in the vicinity began blowing their whistles, the crowds took it up and gave many a cheer, while the bell in the city hall tower clanged out another welcome. The line continued west on Daly street to the end, and counter-marched to Main street, proceeding thence to the house of Superintendent Buzz of the Alice mine, a block north. There an immense crowd had congregated, and it was with difficulty that Mr. Bryan was escorted to the platform that had been erected for the occasion. When the cheering had subsided Mr. Bryan began by saying:

"In the name of the mayor of our city, of the prospector and the miner, I bid you welcome and may your visit here be remembered during your whole life," he concluded.

Mr. Robinson then read a poem, which had been written for the occasion by a miner named J. Medlin. The poem, which created a roar of laughter, ran thus:

"Welcome, thrice welcome, to our town, Thou citizen of great renown! Welcome, thou man of words and facts, Of noble principles and acts. Which should prevail and thus secure Existence for the worthy poor. May God thy willing power sustain. That thou mightest the fight remain. 'Till labor finished, then mayst thou Sit where McKinley sitteth now."

The chairman then presented Mr. Bryan, who was greeted with great cheering as he stepped forward on the platform. When the cheering had subsided Mr. Bryan began by saying:

"I am told you cast 800 votes in the last election in Walkerville and that out of that number only 40 were against 16 to 1. Why, in the silver dollar there is 10 per cent. alloy, yet you only have 5 per cent. of it in your whole town."

The crowd laughed and Mr. Bryan continued: "I don't belong to the laboring class. By profession I am a lawyer, yet I think I worked hard enough in the last campaign to be entitled to admission into the ranks of labor. While not a laborer, my profession teaches one that we must rely for our own welfare upon the laboring classes. There are two classes of people, one that thinks if its members enjoy prosperity it will find its way down to the other class. But they are wrong. If the laboring class is prosperous we are all prosperous."

"The last campaign, while we lost, did a great amount of good. It set people to thinking, and when people get to thinking they come but all right in the end. Some people did not think as we did, but I respect a man if he thinks, and I have so much faith in the American people that I know if they only keep thinking the money question will be settled and settled right. The people have come to the conclusion that the money question is of paramount importance. If you ask me why, I will tell you. It is because they have studied it. They commenced because silver went down, and it is because they have studied the reasons for its fall that so many have become advocates of bimetalism."

"Now we in Nebraska don't produce silver, yet we are just as good friends of silver as you are, and are ready to fight for it, just as long and just as hard. The strength of bimetalism is just as great on the farm as it is in your western mountains. Go to England, to Germany, to the foreign countries, and you will find the farming classes interested in bimetalism; and why? Because they have come to realize that as money goes up under a gold standard property goes down, and when in the last campaign a message came from the farmers of far away Buda Pesth congratulating us on our efforts, it was because they saw that the success of the silver cause here meant the emancipation of the world. 'I read somewhere recently a statement of a New York banker (I forget his name—Cornfield, I think it was, or something like that), that the success and prosperity of the farmer depended on the success of the business man. Now, any one who studies the question at all knows he has reversed things. Let wealth be produced and it can be exchanged, but until it is it cannot be, and when people who produce wealth are prosperous all the rest will be prosperous. During the last campaign more physicians came to our ranks than representatives of any other profession. Why? Because they found that just as many people die of the gold standard as ever, but that it was harder to collect it than it would be if there were more money in circulation. They studied the question and came over to our side."

"Why do reforms commence always among the masses? It is because necessity is the mother of invention. No one studies bolts as much as the man who has them; it is the people who have suffered who have studied the money question most. They have found the truth and came to our side. There were some lawyers who came over to us also, and I am proud of them. I am also proud that those who left the party are out of it. Those who did not think and studied themselves into our ranks. Those who were not pushed out; they were tied to some interest that jerked them out, and what provoked me was that instead of doing the right thing and going because their salaries depended on it. They said they left because we wanted to destroy the government. No man ever spoke out against bad government, but he was similarly accused."

"Silver stands best where it is best understood. Gold is strongest where it is least discussed. We in the West were first to study silver because we were nearest the ground and struck first when the drive came. You have heard people say the silver cause is dead. I want to say to you that it is the liveliest corpse you ever saw. Every time the opposition has been made, every time the cause was dead, but it has come up again livelier than ever. It seems strange to me that a cause so often dead is so hard to kill. It reminds me of a story I once heard of a man who was buying a fence. He was making it four feet high and five feet wide. A neighbor came by and said: 'That fence will blow over.' (Continued on Page Seven.)

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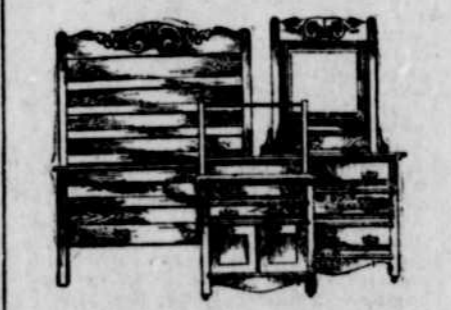
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We urge a personal examination of this wonderful book. No newspaper announcement can do it justice. "Living Makers of American History" is distributed free to the readers of The Anaconda Standard who pay one year in advance (\$10.00) for the daily.

The Butte Races

TO-DAY

The Race Track will be given over to

The Bryan Demonstration

And the Races scheduled for this afternoon have been called off.

ED A. TIPTON, Manager.